

Countryman and City Man Contrasted-The Cynic is Found Everywhere-It is Human to Imitate Vices Rather Than Virtues-It is Not Right to Attribute False Motives for Kindly Deeds-Irust in One's Fellows Pays in the End.

There are certain admirable human elts which thrive in the city atmo-There are certain admirable human traits which thrive in the city atmosphere. Likewise there are certain which are not admirable. It is a curious custom of that strange thing we call "human nature" that it seems prone to evil as the sparks fly upward. When it sets out to imitate others it almost invariably begins by imitating the bad and not the good. A good many country people, thrown into summer aesociation with city guests or wisitors, consciously or unconsciously are imitating them all the rest of the year. I think I see more and more of this each season. Some few of the characteristics which used to differentiate the countryman from the cityman are growing less distinct. As in other directions, the imitation is more noticeable in the idack than in the white. In at least one direction, where the city might better have copied after the old-fashioned country, the country is aping the town.

Cynicism used to be a city trait. You may be sure that the Frenchman who said two generations ago, "The more I see of men the better I like dogs," lived in Paris and not out in the country. I shall never forget how horribly uncomfortable I was made for a long time when I first went to the big city to live by the constant and universal at of suspicion which enveloped all whom I met. They were more urbane than my boyhood mentors of the hills and fields; they were more genial outsides; they were more genial outsides; they were more deferential and compliments; they were less dogmatic and contentious, more deferential and compliments; they were less dogmatic and contentious, more deferential and complaisant. Altogether, they were much pleasanter to meet—for a time. But, somer or later, in two out of severy three you came to see the suspicion of you, the distrust of you, the doubt of you, the veiled watchfulness of you which lurked forever on guard bealind the smiling outside. One grew used to it, of course, and came to take behind the smiling outside. One grew used to it, of course, and came to take it as he took bursting water pipes and obstructed eldewalks—as one of the necessary accompaniments of city living. But I own up that it was a sort of stimulant and head-clearer to me when I returned to the country, to find men more apt to blurt out their real gentiments.

It was a famous German who said: "I always call a spade a spade and Herr Schmidt an ass!" That German Herr Schmidt an ass!" That German lived in the country, you may bet your bottom dollar on it! City visittors, accustomed to the suave amenities of city intercourse, used to find this rural trait irritating and often offensive. They see less and less of it, every year. That is, I think they must see less of it, for I notice a marked change in the last score of summers. It isn't so much that my neighbors are less outspoken and blunt in their denunciations of those whom they dislike, but that they are acquirin their denunciations of those whom they dislike, but that they are acquiring the vice of cynicism; the habit of suspecting everyone; the disposition to ascribe unworthy motives to every action. That word "cynic" comes from the Greek word for dog. I am not quite sure whether it means that the cynic is one who thinks all others are dogs, or just that he is himself a puppy. Webster, I observe, inclines to the latter view. He defines a cynic as "a snarter," and the adjective "cynical" as "having the qualities of a surly dog."

Now, this is most emphatically not an admirable phase of feeling. The old frymn used to explain that

"Dogs delight to bark and bite For 'tis their nature to."

But hymn books and sane philosophy But hymn books and sane philosophy agree in assuming that there is some difference between the nature of men and dogs. It seems to be the opinion of the average dog that every other dog has hostile intentions toward him, and that it is his business to get the first grip. When men take a similar attitude toward their fellows and conceive that all men are always actuateded by selfishness or greed or unworthy motives, they simply do what dogs do.

dogs do.

Really, you know, this isn't what they were made two-legged and erect for—to imitate the quadrupeds.

Talking with one neighbor, the other day, the conversation drifted round to politics. I alluded to what I thought a highly creditable action by a certain legislator. "Oh, well," was the response, "I s'pose he thinks it'll make him some votes, next fall." A little later, talking with another about some recent revelations of dishonesty in

The Cowardly Burglar.

The armed burgiar prowing about at night, who selects houses to enter where women may be thrown into terrible panies by his sudden appearance, who contronts men only when they are
who contronts men only when they are
unterly unprepared for resistance, who
cruelly shoots at defenseless people
seeking means of escape—in such a
creature not a trace of the hero could
possibly be found. Kipling wrote a
story about two snakes and a mongoose. Every boy should read "Rikki
Tikki Tavi" for ideas on cowardice
and heroism. The armed burglar who
stealthilly crawis upon his victim in
the dark is like the poisonous snakes,
so vile in their approach, so cowardiy
in their method of attack. For a hero,
give us Rikki, the mongoose, who slew
the snakes and saved the children's
lives. where women may be thrown into ter-

I am not of those who think only evil of city life and city dwellers. There are good points about the city, and some of the elect saints live in populous towns. We farmers have no monopoly of the land's virtue and intelligence. When, election times, the polliticians sloober over us as being the bone and sinew and brain and heart of the nation, they are simply trying to get us to turn the grindstone which sharpens their axes. We may be quite saline, but we are not all the sait of the earth. There are men living in the city who can tell the truth I am not of those who think only evil of city life and city dwellers. There are good points about the city, and some of the elect saints live in populous towns. We farmers have no monopoly of the land's virtue and intelligence. When, election times, the polliticians sloober over us as being the bone and sinew and brain and heart of the mation, they are simply trying to get us to turn the grindstone which sharpens their axes. We may be quite saline, but we are not all the sait of the earth. There are men living in the city who can tell the truth and act it as unswervingly and as unflinchingly, even if not quite so blunting and dogmatically, as we. It wouldn't harm us a little bit if we could learn an occasional lesson in suavity from our city neighbors. A pill is no less efficacious and often more takable when sugar-coated, nor is it necessary to use a ten-inch rified cannon in shooting English sparrows. road commissioner! one even denounced him for putting in his time near his own place, and not going around the mountain to a stretch of road, six miles distant, which needed work moreand, incidentally, was near the critic's own barn. Not one, outside the two or three who are Sherman's cronies, seemed able to imagine the actual fact, which was that he was anxious, as far as possible without neglect of his own work, to be of service to his neighbors and his town. Once, when I was trying my best, at cost of some money and a good deal of trouble, to serve a little bunch of people who needed the service, one of them came to me and said, frankly: "What do you get out of this? I know you're feathering your own nest, some way, but I can't see how, and I'm curious to find out." Last fall Sister Hanna discovered that she had two big bulbs of a certain lily which Molly Waterhouse had admired greatly while in bloom. She carried one of them over and gave it to Miss Molly. "Humph," said that kindly creature, when Mrs. Hanna was well out of hearing up the road, "thinks she's paid me now for them hot biscuits and pies I took over to her when her baby was sick and she hadn't time to bake, I s'pose."

Now, brethren, and sisteren, it is

Now, brethren, and sisteren, it is probably true that a good many of us belong to the order of goats. Perhaps the majority will have to go to the left when the general roll is called. Very likely we are a bad lot, as a whole. But even the criminal law requires us to presume a man innocent until he is proved guilty. The laws of manly honor and of neighborliness are even more stringent. Here and there are burglars and murderers. But we do not watch every one who comes on our farms for fear that he may steal our diamonds, or bludgeon us to death. I don't believe if I should jump over the fence into the field where you are planting potatoes that you would instantly suspect me of intending murder, and make a break for your gun. Why should you suspect me of any other hidden motive—before I gave you reason for suspicion?

I have no vocation to reform the citles. If city life results in cynicism. I
am neither capable of changing it nor
responsible for it. But we farmers
didn't used to be cynical. We sometimes had enemies whom we openly
hated and vituperated. We had learned certain men—that we must be on
the lookout against them if we didn't
want to be "skinned." But it wasn't
our habit to look gift horses in the
mouth, nor to assume, when somebody
offered us a "chaw" of tobacco that
he was preparing to beg a whole paper
next day. We've got all the bad habits, as it is, that are safe for us. Why,
in the name of common sense, should
we imitate this imported air of cynicism? There are lots and lots of good
men and women; the woods are full of
them; most people who are out of jail
deserve to be out of it; the chances are
certainly even that Jones is as decent
a fellow and as kindly and as honest
and as well meaning as we are ourselves; why not treat him on that as

"In the visit over this question, and to bring into clear light, says Mr.
Lanz, secretary of the state's good
for the present extravagant and hapinazard regime, the committee, the faults
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of the present extravagant and hapinazard regime, the committee, the faults
of the present extravagant and hapinazard regime, the committee proposes
to investigate the methods of the highway commissioners of every county in
in the state.

Mr. Lanz says enough maney for
road making and bridge building is
levied by the state to give it the best
and most comprehensive system of
public highways in the union, were the
funds but legitimately and economicaling the incompetence of every county in
in the state.

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road making and bridge build

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Since there's so much had in the best "Since there's of us, of us, and so much good in the worst of us, It hardly behooves the best of us."

Harshly to judge the rest of us."

THE FARMER.

judging the criminals. "Poor fellow! He isn't responsible." is a remark one may hear; and it has less sanity, after all, then the newsboy's remark, "Gee! may near; and it has less sanity, after all, then the newsboy's remark, "Gee! I feel like killing somebody." because that particular boy undoubtedly was controlled, in a degree, by his sense of humor. His suiffling elders, who say "poor fellow," are liable very soon to send flowers to cell No— at the jail. See straight, think straight is a good motto in such matters. Don't mistake a reptile for a hero; don't place inurel on the brow of a misoreant.—Springfield Republican.

An Editor's Boycott.

The fruit-growers have quit bring-ing the editor any peaches, and so we do not propose to boom the crop by advertising it every time ice forms this spring.—Griffin News.

Fortune in Milk. There's a fortune in skimmed milk, says a scientist. Save your "cream."

—Claveland Leader.

AS JOB JOLT SEES IT

I have never tried bee-culture. I know the bee will surely sting I do not feel like trying to make a partne of him.

Bill Bangs says Elmira would do more with her hands if she did less with her mouth. Bill is brutally frank. Cy Cymbal says that if his wife ha

not been a good farmer be couldn' have saved his bacon. She works by the calendar, regardless at how the wind blows.

duce two crops of some kind. The second crop in many lots is weeds. Jake Jones makes eight hour days,

It is true every garden ought to pro

A deep furrow and a lame back are

derned reliable signs of spring. The man who doesn't like to putter is allus slack about the little details

on the farm or in the factory. A city man who grows a crop of lettuce feels about as well over it as the farmer who grows a good crop of on-

Sari-ah likes to have her city cousin come on a visit if they don't come without giving notice and show signs of leaving when her patience is worn

If the women who raise turkeys for pin money got as many dollars for 'em as they chase 'em miles, they would be a mighty sight more profitable.

spring full of handsome trout, which will sell to city men with \$40 rods at good prices soon. The country papers carry just as

Ben Berry says his boy has the

good recipes as the high-toned maga-Miranda Moses serves maltre de hotel butter to Herman Fridays for his fish and then brags about it.

Cy Cymbal's 5 year old boy has been crying for a week for a baseball plate Cy cannot make him understand that it is something the player stands on, not eats from.

If the farmers kept their fences up like these smart politicians they wouldn't find themselves in the doldrums quite so often.

The farmer's wife who insists on having flowering shrubs and plants in the yard gives the place a becoming

Everybody wants high prices for short hours and full price for short weight, and we all wonder what the

The gardener who starts squashes or cucumbers in an old sod under cover has them well advanced when it is time to set them out.

I notice Bill Stiles is allus telling what he is going to do. If he had a habit of telling what he has done things would look different up to his

Among hens the Rhode Island Reds look like the laboring class; and their fine brown eggs keep them in public favor. Their works do praise them.

Good Reads.

Connecticut is not the "only peoble on the beach" as regards a "good roads" difficulty. Out in the big and flourishing state of Illinois, with its great "windy city" they are also having "a time" over this question and

Efficiency in Government.

Armies have their shirks, their coffee-coolers, their stragglers, their hangers-on; but these are not a whit more detestible than the voter who makes merchandise of his citizenship or the one who is found doing business with such patrons. Both are excrescenses on the body politic, and should be no more tolerated than the man spotted with leprosy or with smallpox on the streets and public highways of the country. With men in office and such a constituency behind them, efficient government is impossible and a government of, by and for the people a hiss and a by-word in the estimation of all who have any proper conception as to what government, should be.

If there is to be that high degree of efficiency in government, it must begin with the people. All of them may not fully realize it, but they are the source of all power. If they will be as careful in doing their part of the public business as they are in their own affairs, (and their business is at the ballot box) the time will come when there will be less complaint of grafting in public piaces, public business will be done with less waste and millions of dollars now being squandered will remain in the pockets of the taxpayers, or if not there it will be spent in a manner that will be of great benefit to the people of the nation, the state and to municipalities.

—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Teft is too fend of jumping on his critics: he could crush them just as effectively by sitting down on them and taking a rest.—St. Louis Fost-Dispatch.



THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1.50 to second; \$1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good help-ful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper. Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

ONE HELPFUL, HAPPY FAMILY.

We are glad to see the interest in the Social Corner increasing and we hope those who are prompted to contribute to it will write on the spur of the moment. Never mind the day of limitation, for letters received after Wednesday will appear the following week. We intend to give the widest scope to the writers in expressing their views and opinions. The members of the Social Corner must become one helpful, happy family.—Editor Social Corner.

Friends Are Worth More Than Money Editor Social Corner: We think it would be much better to write instructive letters to help all of the large family the Social Corner is getting to be than to make it an aim to get a prize. Friends are worth more than money—let us all get acquainted and see what we can do to help make other's life worth living and to make improvements that will be useful after we are no longer known in the Social Corner.

A boy of 17 thought it a good plan to make a basket and fasten it on the front end of the electric car (as he said), to trip up any one on the track and tumble them into the basket and thus save life. His plan was soon put into use and the fenders on the electric cars throughout the country are the results of the boy's idea, which made him a rich man. Perhaps some of the writers in the Social Corner can give some one a helping hand and other improvements can be made as useful as this boy's basket. The Social Corner is growing better every week and some time in the future what a grand thing it would be for all the writers to meet and have a social chat and exchange thoughts, ideas and problems which would help one and all much more than prizes.

RURAL DELIVERY.

R. F. D. No. 76.

A Little Comforter.

A Little Comforter.

Editor Social Corner: I have been made aware what a great comfort a little thing may become, and I wish to tell the readers of the Social Corner about it. It is no more than a thin pillow made of down, of teathers or of lamb's wool, and kept constantly on the bed. It discounts the hot-water bottle because it is always ready and never heavy enough to be annoying when applied to the tenderest spots. It will check those little deep muscular pains in the shoulders or the knees, overcome colicky pains, warm up the feet and promote the comfort of a person more than can be imagined or told. I have summered and wintered one of these little comforters and to it I owe many a good night's sleep. It is easily made and never in the way.

Preston.

Woman Suffrage.

Editor Social Corner: A man worthy of "the suffrage" must first be honest, and a gentleman.

So a woman, to be entitled to the same privilege, should be a lady, possessed of all the qualities the term implies. Willing and carriest to grant

same privilege, should be a lady, possessed of all the qualities the term implies. Willing and earnest to grant to high and low all possible courtesy. If the object of woman suffrage be to better present conditions it would seem that the conduct of a few women in our land would certainly hinder their right to vote.

This element, added to the many existing, could in no way better the government of our country.

No right minded man or woman but must deplore the action of any person who could affront the nation's president, at the capital, in the way we so lately read of.

Norwich.

(We wish a man had to be honest and a gentleman to have the right to vote, for that rule would wipe out the bribers and the floaters and the grafters. The premises unfortunately are not correct.—Editor Social Corner.)

Editor Social Corner: "A call to good

Editor Social Corner: "A call to good reading" came very favorably to my notice. I agree with the idea that more thought should be given to good reading. I have been surprised sometimes to see many young people so engrossed in worthless literature. Select good books and build up a force of thought, as true cultivation of the mind tends to intellectual culture. It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds and are given most precious thoughts. In this present age of improvement these silent teachers are accessible to the multitude, and of unspeakable good to the individual.

There is much pleasure in history,

to the individual.

There is much pleasure in history, biography, travels, poetry, description of nature; these volumes are invaluable for reading and instruction; and to my mind far superior to a large part of the worthless books that find their way into the hands of many of our young people. I will say with "Rural Delivery," let us all use our influence for better reading among our friends.

ARETHUSA.

Cute Caged Birds

Cute Caged Birds.

Editor Social Corner: I suppose some of your readers keep caged birds and perhaps not a few have killed them with kindness. It never pays to be too fussy with a pet bird and the plainest sont of food keeps them in the best condition. Pet birds know all members of the family usually, although they show special preference for master or mistress. They always recognize a stranger and eye him with suspicion. I nearly spoiled a canary once by giving it mixed seed and dainties—when I gave it plain canary seed and adhered to that simple diet it regained its song and its health. A canary bird is very set. If he is given a chinabathing dish and it is broken, no other kind of a bathing dish will do. If the bird has been trained by a person with a bright colored waist it will not train if a waist of another color is worn. When canaries show weakness a rusty nail in the water will prove to be a tonic; and if mixed seed is being given plain seed should be substituted. Old bird keepers know this, but it may be a help to amateurs.

A PET FANCIER.

Readers and Reading.

Readers and Reading.

Editor Social Corner: The importance of reading cannot be overestimated if the mind is receptive. Some readers make a practice of marking books and I have read after them and noticed that the sentences and phrases and facts which impressed them seemed worthless to me. I have read books with others and found that we were not impressed alike by the same book. We differed in our tastes, our power of interpretation was not the same. The perusal of a book is one thing—the result of the reading is another.

people get good from novels which other honest folks pronounce to be demoralizing. It is the condition of the individual mind which determines what a body will get from a book. A clean mind finds pleasure in noble sentiments and the cultivated mind enjoys everything which contributes to high thinking or pleasing meditations.

Norwich

Norwich.

How to Make a Summer House.

How to Make a Summer House.

Editor Social Corner: A neat little summer house may be made at small expense where there is an open cerner to a yard. A frame can be set up from fence to fence, and be rooted and sided with coarse wire netting and then be covered by morning giories and tall nasturtiums and it will be a bower of flowers all the time. In these days of Japanese morning giories, of white and rose moon-flowers, and of Lobb's magnificent striped and biotched nasturtiums such a little place may be made inviting and furnish smlad greens for the table. This will be a restful spot to sit in and read occasionally, or for meditation. At all events it will be a pretty yard decoration—a pleasant playhouse for the children, just as good as a tent and less expensive.

FLOWER LOVER.

FLOWER LOVER.

On the Raging Main.

Editor Social Corner: I take pleasure in writing a story about a plum pudding, also the recipe in rhyme. It was about the stormiest voyage I ever saw. We left the Hook on November 5, 1839, in a regular blow, and struck worse weather off the Banks of New Foundland, and it grew dirtier every mile we made. The old man was kind of gruff and anxious like, and wasn't easy to manage. This ain't no Christmas story and hasn't any moral. I was second mate and knew the captain pretty well, but he wasn't sociable and the nearer we got to land according to our dead reckoning (we hadn't been able to take observations) the more cross-grained he got. I was eating my supper on the 24th, when the steward came in and says he, "Captain, plum pudding fomorrow, as usual, sir?" On the Raging Main.

seas that swept over the ship. The old man, after a bit, came down and says

"Where's the pudding?"
The steward came in just then as pale as a ghost, and says he, showing an empty dish:
"Washed overboard, sir."

"Washed overboard, sir."

Just then the cook came into the cabin with a dish in his hand, saying:
"Here's another pudding," and set a good sized pudding down on the table.
Then the old man unbent and went for that pudding and cut it in big hunks, helping the passengers last, with a kind of triumphant look. He, hadn't swallowed more than a single bite when the first mate came running down and says he:

bite when the first mate came running down and says he:

"Lizard Light on the starboard bow, and the weather brightening up."

"How does she head?"

"East by north."

"Then give her three points more northerly, sir, and the Lord be praised."

And the captain swallowed his pudding in three more gulps and was en deck, just saying:

"I knew that pudding would fetch it," and he left us.

We were in Liverpool three days

it," and he left us.

We were in Liverpool three days We were in Liverpool three days afterward, though a ship that started the day before us from New York has never been heard of since.

Here is the plum pudding in rhyme:
To make plum pudding to the captain's taste,
So all may be eaten and none go to waste.

Take of raisins and currants, and bread crumbs all round:

bread crumbs all round; Also suet from oxen, and flour a

of citron well candled, or lemon as good. With molasses and sugar eight ounces I would, their first compound, next must

be basted. A nutmeg well grated, ground ginger well tasted, well tasted.

With salt to preserve it, of such a teaspoonful:
Then of milk half a pint, and fresh eggs take six:
Be sure after this that you properly

Next tie up in a bag, just as round as You can,
Put into a capacious and suitable pan,
Then boil for six hours as hard as
you can.

A READER. Norwich.

Norwich.

Neglected Cats.

Editor Social Corner: I wonder how many people realize how much suffering there is among the cats in this city. I know some people do not care for cats, but it is to those who love the useful as well as companionable little creatures that I make my plea. Every day I see any number of cats suffering from mange, cruelty, neglect and starvation; poor, helpless little kittens crying for food; little strays that someone has dropped, wandering about the streets, the object of a kick here or a blow there. I know of one policeman in this city who never sees a cat on the street that he does not kick at it savagely, often ither mainting or killing the animal.

Again, among the French people there seems to be a superstition, or a law, relative to kifting kittens. Their cats will breed and these kittens in their turn will breed and in three years there are perhaps fifteen or twenty cats sprung from one source. These cats are a nuisance as well as a cause for pity. I know of one family which rather than kill the kittens, gave the fittle blind, helpless, newborn things to a neighbor's children to play with.

There are two ways of getting rid of this suffering. In the first place there should be a law requiring every cat is the property of the suffering. In the first place there should be a law requiring every.

this way I think the greater part of cat suffering could be averted.

This scheme is not visionary, but it is one that will be of slow growth. It has been and is being agitated in New York. We protect dogs; why should we not protect cats? To any one who has cared for cats as I have the fact of their great intelligence is an established fact. I should like to see evidence of a co-operative start in a campaign of this sort. I am sure there are plenty of animal lovers in Norwich, who would be giad to take up this matter, once it was brought to their attention.

Norwich.

Editor Social Corner: As I am very much interested in this page of your valuable paper, thought the following recipes would be of benefit to some of the sisters. They are thoroughly reliable and I am sure if directions are followed, will give pleasing results: sults

Sults:

Sponge Cake—One pound granulated sugar, 10 eggs, one half-pound flour, juice of one small lemon; beat the sugar and yolks of eggs to a cream, and the whites to a suff froth; fold in the white to the cream, and extract, and lastly sift in the flour, bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. This will never fall if care is taken in mixing. It has been used in my family for forty years, and is delicious. When aggs are 25 cents a dozen it is an inexpensive cake, as it makes two good sized loaves and requires no butter.

Ginger Jumbles—One coffee cup ma-

it makes two good sized loaves and requires no butter.

Ginger Jumbles—One coffee cup molasses, one-half cup butter filled up with boiling water, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water, one well-beaten egg, one tablespoonful ginger, one tablespoonful clanamon, a little salt, and flour enough to make the consistency of sponge cake, which will be about three cups full; drop from a mixing spoon on tin sheets; bake in a moderate over fifteen minutes.

Parker House Rolls—Take two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar,

Individual Tomate Salad—Take a smooth rough tomate, chill theroughly, gash a cross through tomate, and scoop out the size of a nut from center of top, into this put one table-spoonful mayonnaise, which will gradually drop through the opening, making an attractive as well as an appetizing dish. Serve on crisp istuee leaf.

Salmon Salad—One can Columbia river salmon, one cup peas, cooked and cooled, flake the salmon, add the peas, marinate it thoroughly with the dressing, serve on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves. A reliable brand of peas is the Blue Peter, when we cannot get the fresh vegetable.

hadn't been able to take observations) the more cross-grained he got. I was eating my supper on the 24th, when the steward came in and says he. "Captain, plum pudding tomorrow, as usual, sir?"

It wouldn't be polite in me to pen what the captain replied; but the steward he didn't mind.

All that night and next day, the 25th of December, it was howling storm, and the captain he kept the deck. About 3 o'clock Christmas day dinner was ready, and a precious hard time it was to get dinner from the galley to the captain on account of the green that swent over the shape of the steen of the green that swent over the shape. The old fire, cook about five minutes or until the desired amount of the captain the steen of the green that swent over the shape. The old

fire, cook about five minutes or until the custard will coat a spoon. In entertainments it is better to serve a simple meal perfectly than to attempt a more elaborate one, imperfectly prepared.

Norwich.

M. E. M.

Anxious for Another Cold Plungs. Judge Parker's refusal to deny that he would accept the democratic nom-ination, if offered, is only another proof that hope springs eternal.—Pittsburg Despatch.

Hoods Sarsaparilla

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